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The Missile



MAY, 1915.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

Miss Mabel Peterson,
(Law Bldg.)

..... Contents.

A Prayer—Poem—Sadie Friedenberg, '16	1
The Daintiness of Sabrina—Margaret Wilkinson, '15	2
The Legend of the Blood-red Rose—Florence Stratton, '15	3
Watch Yourself Go Through—Wallace Ridout, '16	8
Dreamland—Poem—E. Jean Griffin, '20	9
Editorials	10
School Notes	13
Athletics,	15
Alumni Notes	16
Exchanges	17
A Few Pointers	Interspersed
Advertisements	19

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. IV.

MAY, 1915.

No. 6.

A Prayer.

Not more of light I ask, O God,
But eyes to see what is;
Not sweeter songs, but power to praise
The present melodies.

Not more of war, but calm to see
Its kindling presence near;
To be the friends we wish to be,
And live in peace and cheer.

Not greater power, but how to use
The strength that we possess;
Not pomp and pride, but how to live,
O God, in righteousness.

SADIE FRIEDENBERG, '16.

The Daintiness of Sabrina.

U P FROM THE EMERALD GREEN WATERS rose Sabrina, the fairy water nymph, all clad in a robe of shimmering green texture which enveloped her lithe, graceful figure as if it were caressing her. Her wavy, blonde hair, forming a suitable frame for her perfect face, flaunted itself to the wandering breeze, and the wind, as if answering some unspoken challenge, gently played hide and seek within its beautiful depths, until all was a lovely confusion. Her eyes, blue as the azure main, looked out upon the world with such intense compassion and sympathy and longing to help, that one instinctively wished to bend the knee. Around the corners of her mouth lurked a smile of perpetual happiness, and her figure, so developed until it was perfect, betrayed by every movement, her absolute effeminacy.

Her tiny feet, clad only in Nature's gift, showed their fairy qualities by executing, with maddening grace, the most intricate steps.

But her beauty, unsurpassable as it was, was not to be compared with her charming personality, her vivacious manner, her beautiful speech.


If one would see Sabrina, all the cares and trials of the world must be banished, all thoughts of aches and pains must be laid aside, and in their stead joy and pleasure and youth must be summoned.

Then, with only joy in one's heart, all sin and wickedness must vacate and allow goodness and purity to reign supreme.

MARGARET WILKINSON, '15.

The Legend of the Blood-red Rose.

PART I.

 ONE DAY when the King of France was hunting with some of his friends in the forest of Argonne, he became so enthusiastic in the chase that he went far ahead of his companions. At length, finding that he was on the wrong trail, he decided to rejoin his friends. After riding a long time through brambles and bushes, he found to his dismay that he had lost the path. On and on he wandered, becoming more and more bewildered at each turn that he took. Gradually it became dark and the king, without food or friends, had reconciled himself to spending the night in the forest. Worn out by his wanderings, he was only too glad to find shelter under a large oak. Hardly had he fallen asleep when he was awakened by a brilliant light shining through the trees. Immediately he got up and leading his horse, went to see whence this light came. Much to his joy he found it was shining from a small cottage. He knocked on the door, and a gentle voice said, "Who's there?"

"Only a stranger who has lost his way and wishes shelter for the night," he replied.

Soon the door opened and there stood before the king the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen. She was slender and graceful, with blue eyes and golden hair which hung far below her waist.

"Our home is very humble," she said, "but you are welcome to stay here to-night."

Having satisfied his hunger, the king was shown into

a small, neat bed-room. Before long he was sleeping soundly in his narrow bed, forgetting that he was not in his elegantly furnished room at the palace. The next morning he arose early and went to look for the girl that he had seen the evening before. He soon found her.

Now this king was a selfish man, for he thought more about his own pleasure than the happiness of others. He fell in love with every pretty face that he saw. It is therefore needless to say that he fell in love with the pretty face of Margaret Armour (for that was the girl that he found at the cottage) as soon as he saw her.

Going up to her now he lightly kissed his fingers to her. "Bon jour, mademoiselle!" he said gaily. "You are an early riser. How beautiful you look standing there."

The color rose to Margaret's face as he said this. "How dare you, a stranger, speak to me like that?" she angrily said.

"If you give me a kiss from those lips, I shall say no more."

With this Margaret slapped him in the face as hard as she could. No sooner had she done it than he seized her in his arms and kissed her. She screamed. At the sound a man, who worked with her father and was also her lover, rushed to where she was. Seeing her struggling in the arms of a stranger, he gave the man a blow which knocked him to the ground.

"How dare you, you dog! Leave her immediately!" shouted Jean, her lover.

The king, overcome with rage, for he was not accustomed to be told what he had to do, answered him angrily, "Do you know that you are speaking to the King of France?"

"It matters not who you are. You have insulted the girl to whom I am betrothed."

Not wishing to be struck down again, the king asked for his horse, and rode away, intending to avenge himself later.

PART II.

Several days afterwards in a chamber of the palace the king and his counsellor were planning how they would punish Jean. Finally the king said he would have Jean put into the deepest dungeon and would himself marry the girl.

"Go!" he said to the counsellor. "Send soldiers to capture this man, and bring him to the palace. I shall teach him how to treat a king!"

At last the day had arrived when Jean and Margaret were to be married. They were going into the little church on the border of the woods, when some one suddenly shouted, "The soldiers are coming!"

Terror seized every one. The soldiers marched straight to the church steps where Jean was standing, and one of them handed him a letter with the royal seal. He opened it with trembling hands, and read that he was arrested in the name of the king.

Margaret begged the soldiers not to take her lover away, but they seized him roughly and carried him to the palace. Margaret was frantic, and did not know what to do. Finally, she decided to seek aid from an old witch who lived in the blackest part of the forest. Everyone was afraid of her, but Margaret was willing to face anything for the sake of her lover; so she went to the old woman. With some difficulty she found her in her home in a dark cave in the woods. She was an old hag whose

upper teeth projected over her lower lips and whose long gray hair streamed down her back. She was terrible to look at, and Margaret approached her with fear.

"What do you want here?" asked the old woman in a cracked voice.

"My lover has been taken from me and imprisoned in a dungeon of the king's castle. Tell me how I may see him," begged Margaret of the witch.

The witch nodded her head and dropped some black mixture into a cauldron of boiling liquid. A dense vapor arose, but in a few minutes disappeared. After mumbling some words over the kettle, she put a small portion of this mixture into a bottle and presented it to Margaret.

"When you get to your lover's window, drink this and you will turn into a white rose and fall through the gratings to him," instructed the witch.

That night Margaret went to the palace and when the guards were not looking she slipped through the gates. Hiding outside of a window of the palace, she waited for the king to pass by in hopes that he might say in his conversation where her lover was imprisoned. After doing this three nights in succession she learned that he was imprisoned in the rear of the palace. As soon as she discovered this, she crept noiselessly to the back of the castle with only the moon as her guide. She found a very small grating, and pressing her face close to this she called, "Are you there, Jean?"

"O, Margaret, is that you?" her lover inquired breathlessly.

"Yes, I have a charm from the old witch that will transform me to a rose. I am going to change myself now and drop down to you."

No sooner had she said this than she drank the mixture. In an instant she became a rose, and fell into the hands of her lover. He kissed it gently and then laid it next to his heart.

PART III.

After many years the king died and all the prisoners were set free. As soon as he was released, Jean went to seek the old witch to find how he could change the rose back to his sweetheart. Although he searched many months, nay, years, he could not find her. At last with nothing to live for and only a white rose in place of his sweetheart, he became an outlaw in the forest.

One day many years later, while he was hunting, he was pierced by an arrow through the heart. Knowing that his end was near, he reached for the rose, which he had always worn next to his heart, to kiss it farewell. Lo! it was red with his blood. As he gazed upon it, Margaret's spirit appeared, and taking him by the hand led him into the forest.

FLORENCE STRATTON, '15.

DOUBTFUL CONSOLATION.

"Mary," complained the husband, "why do you suppose it is that people all say that I have such a large head?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, John," said his wife consolingly, "but never mind, there's nothing in it."


"I've heard it said the play's the thing;

Alas, I can't agree!"

Quoth the captain of the baseball team,

"The pay's the thing for me."

Watch Yourself Go Through.

 HIS WORLD IS only a colander. You are thrown into it without consent, and then forced by self-respect, honor, ambition and public opinion to fight an uphill battle as you are being sifted out. In this colander there are holes of different sizes. Some of them are small and some large. The small holes catch the failures, the large holes the successful. The hole through which you are sifted is regulated in accordance with what you have done and what you are. Not one of us can escape this great sifter, and we are all thrown into it. The motion of this wonderful colander is actuated by the mighty cogs of civilization, progress, industry, ambition and thrift.

Your fate lies in their working. Do not let yourself be precipitated through the small holes and be forced to go the remainder of life labeled "failure." Outgrow them. Increase in size, knowledge and understanding, and outgrow the small insignificant holes. It's only the product of the large holes that amounts to anything in the eyes of the world.

The failures are numerous. Are you one? Do you intend to dream, and let the colander cramp you through a small hole? Then fit yourself for the large holes. Triumph over this fateful colander, and show it that you are the master of the situation, and do not forget to stay alert and shun the small holes; for in sifting corn the refuse from the small holes goes to the hogs.

W. RIDOUT, '16.

Dreamland.

There's a land that's always calling
With a dreamy voice of rest,
Where the moonlight lies like silver
On the earth's deep throbbing breast ;
Where the fields of drooping poppies
Nod a soothing lullaby,
And the trembling palms breathe softly
To the cloudless gem-set sky.

By the shimmering lapping water
On a glistening Southern strand,
Where the sea-gulls flash like silver,
Low, across the stretch of sand,
You can hear the voice of dreamland,
Lulling all your fears to rest,
And your heart is free from longing
And your soul with peace is blest.

E. JEAN GRIFFIN.

EVERY ONE KNEW IT.

The newly married pair had escaped from their demonstrative friends and were on the way to the depot when the carriage stopped. The bridegroom looked out the window impatiently. "What's the matter, driver," he called.

"The horse has thrown a shoe, sir," was the reply.

"Great Scott!" groaned the bridegroom, "even the horse knows we're just married."



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THE SCHOOL BOARD has offered to appropriate the money to keep the High School Library open during the summer months, if the majority of the pupils will use it. This is a very generous offer and should prove an advantage to us, particularly to those to whom the only accessible books are in the library. Besides encyclopedias and reference books, the library contains much reading matter

of interest and some good novels. Many of us, who perhaps think that we will not have need of it, will use it.

We wish to thank the Board for their kind offer, and show our appreciation of it by taking advantage of the public library which will be open to all High School students.

With the hope of stirring up greater interest in our library, we print in full the following letter:

137 S. Sycamore St., Petersburg, Va., May 15, 1915.

The Editor of the *Missile*,

Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

Dear Sir—I have read with interest the editorial on your school library in the March number of the *Missile*. As you know, I myself have no real connection with the library; but ever since its beginning three years ago I have been much interested in it, and both Mr. Smithey and Mr. Wolff have very kindly made me a sort of honorary member of any committee that might be choosing books for the library. Like you I have a keen desire to see the library grow as rapidly as possible to meet the needs of the school. In fact I feel that an adequate library is as truly necessary for history and English work as a science laboratory is for physics and chemistry. Last year the School Board saw the matter in this light and appropriated \$100 for the upkeep of the library just as it had done for the science laboratories for several years past. This money, or rather a large part of it, was spent in securing an up-to-date encyclopedia which all teachers felt to be badly needed. Various reference books asked for by the teachers and some fiction have also been added from the proceeds of the Frank Lea Short Co.'s play of last year, and these volumes, together with class gifts and the gifts of friends, have run the number of new books for this year up to a creditable figure.

This coming year it is hoped that the School Board will continue its appropriation for the library, and since you have evinced an interest in its needs I am taking the liberty of suggesting a few simple ways in which you and every single student can be of real service in making the library what it should be.

(1). You say, "It contains about 2 out of every 10 books necessary for the pupils for reference work." If this is the case let each pupil put at once into the hands of the teacher a list of books of reference which have been needed in connection with work in that teacher's department and could not be found in the library. If he does not know the names of such books, let

him hand in a list of subjects about which he has been unable to find information in the library, and the teacher will recommend books covering those subjects.

(2). You say, "It contains practically none of the books that are given in the course for parallel reading." Then see to it that Mr. Wolff has an accurate list of all books in the parallel reading course that are not in the library, indicating those that are most needed.

(3). Hand in to the librarian or to Mr. Wolff the names of works of fiction that you feel should be placed on the library shelves, and see that others do the same.

It may not be possible for the committee to act on all your suggestions, but your requests will, I am sure, receive due consideration when the time comes to buy books. Furthermore you will realize for yourself that it is much easier to interest the School Board and the friends of the library in supplying a definite need than an indefinite one.

The time is short before the end of the session, but no student should fail before leaving school to do his part in "boosting" the library by making known its more urgent needs to the right persons. Considering its youth and its slender resources up to the present, the library is quite creditable; but with the interest and co-operation of every student that goes into the library during the year, it will soon grow to be something of which the school will be justly proud.

Sincerely yours,

VIRGINIA S. MCKENNEY.

WE are very glad to announce that the High School at last has an Honor System. The class of '15 may be well proud of having brought this matter before the student body. To make this system effective we need the co-operation of all the signers of the organization pledge, and we believe that with this co-operation a spirit of honor will be developed in the school which will make dishonesty practically impossible. Those that started this movement are now leaving the school and they leave the responsibility of keeping up the movement on the whole body of students. Let the new pupils who come in next term feel that this a place where honor stands first and where there will be no temptation to cheat.



On April 24th we were very pleasantly entertained by the Rev. C. B. Bryan, who gave the Botany classes a very instructive talk on that subject.

.....

It is hard to describe our intense satisfaction and pleasure at having had with us, on May 3rd, that distinguished scholar, Dr. Charles W. Kent, Professor of English Literature at the University of Virginia, who addressed us on the subject of "School Spirit." Dr. Kent showed, in his charming and forceful way, that school spirit is indispensable to the success of the school. We feel fortunate that we had the pleasure of hearing such an inspiring speech, and we are sure that the impressions that we received at that time will not soon be forgotten.

.....

Wouldn't it be funny if—

The School Board gave us a new High School Building?

Miss W. of IVB stopped talking?

Miss S. of III B. ceased to powder her nose?

Miss B. stopped riding in a certain automobile?

Miss R. and Mr. K. of IIIB became Frenchmen?

Mr. A. refused to rally around William Jennings Bryan?

Mr. J. of IIIA stopped drawing?

The P. H. S. baseball team won the championship?

The School Notes in the *Missile* were really *funny*?

.....

We wonder why Miss W. of IVB is especially interested in a "Forest?"

.....

Mr. Miller, in IVB English: "Whom did Tennyson marry?"

Mr. J.: "Mrs. Tennyson."

.....

Wanted: A new book for Miss Baxter to read during study periods. She has exhausted her supply and now has to sit idle.

.....

Mr. M., in IIB English: "What do you know about Long-fellow's ancestors?"

Miss B.: "He was directly descended from Miles Standish."

.....

We well understand why Miss Bragg, of IIA was so interested in attending the Y. M. C. A. Bazaar—because there were so many Booths there.

.....

Miss R.: "Whom did the Romans fight against in the battle of Alliance?"

Miss B. of IB: "The enemy."

.....

Miss B.: "Give a sentence containing the work *antique*."

Mr. P. of VIIB: "'Skidoo' is a piece of antique slang."

Mr. S.: "The P. H. S. is an antique building."



BASE BALL.

The closing half of the 1915 base ball season of the Petersburg High School proved a very disastrous one for the team. They played four games and were defeated in all four. The score:

P. H. S.—2.	Ashland High—8.
P. H. S.—7.	Chester High School—8.
P. H. S.—0.	McGuires—14.
P. H. S.—0.	John Marshall—14.

TRACK.

Mr. Miller carried a team of ten boys to the Invitation Prep. School Track Meet held by William and Mary College. They took third in the Relay and scored one second and tied for a third.

After this meet the curtain was drawn down on the 1915 athletic season, which has not been as successful as we might have expected, but we are hoping for better things in the future.

BASE BALL LETTER MEN.

Frank Hubbard,	Nelson Partin,
Edward Reagan,	Hinton Williams,
Kennon Collier,	Herbert Jones, Manager,
Elsworth Tench,	William Baxter, Captain,
Marshall Jordan,	Howard Sheffield,
	Dan Reagan.

TRACK LETTER MEN.

Walter Burge,	Sage Rees, Captain,
Raymond Heath,	Frederick Riddle,
Samuel Elliott, Manager,	Thomas Maclin.
	Mr. Miller, Coach.



Mr. T. F. Heath, a former member of the Petersburg High School, will be a graduate at Woodberry Forest this spring.

Miss Clara Jackson, one of the 1914 graduates, has been substituting in the P. H. S. during Miss Robertson's illness.

Miss Agnes Stribling, one of P. H. S.'s "First Honor Graduates," will be a graduate of the Harrisonburg Normal School this year. Two other P. H. S. girls, Miss Lilia Gerow and Miss Eleanor Dillon, will graduate at the same time from this school.

Miss Cora Rolfe, another one of our P. H. S.'s "First Honor Graduates," will receive her B. A. this year at the Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

Mr. Charlie Camp, a graduate of P. H. S., was recently called home on account of the serious illness of his father.

Exchange Department.

SARAH E. SEWARD, *Editor.*

As this is the last number of the *Missile* edited this year, the Exchange Editor would like to take the chance to thank each and every magazine with which we have exchanged this year for the help they have been to us.

Maybe we haven't criticized all of these magazines, but that was due to the lack of space, and we sincerely hope that no one of you will fail to come back to us next year.

We always welcome *Lassell Leaves*, Boston, Mass., with a great deal of pleasure. Your "Trip to Washington," from all accounts, was very interesting.

The Focus, Farmville, Va., is a very clever Magazine this month. Your "Book Reviews" are especially interesting, as well as educational.

We think the *Philo Phonograph*, Iowa, would be greatly improved by having some exchange comments. Also, why do you mix your advertisements in with your other material?

The Iris, Philadelphia High School, is a very neat little magazine. Your jokes are unusually good.

The Tiger, Little Rock, is very attractive. "The Red Domino Dictionary" and "High School Philosophy" are indeed very clever.

The Oracle, Woodberry Forest, is one of the very best magazines we have on our exchange list. The pictures in your May number are very attractive, and lend a certain uniqueness to your paper.

The Item, Pasadena, Cal., is an almost faultless maga-

zine. Your Literary Department deserves especial notice.

The Blue and the Gray, Baltimore, Md., is an excellently arranged magazine. The story "The Catastrophe," deserves especial mention.

KNOCKS AND BOOSTS.

The Missile—"An especially fine Literary Department, together with a careful arrangement of the material, makes your paper a good one."—*The Spectrum*.

The Missile—"Your paper shows an efficient board of editors. Its neat and attractive arrangement is effective."—*Retina*.

"*The Missile* is an interesting paper as a whole. The Literary Department of last issue was exceptionally large and contained good stories."—*Pattersonian*.

"The March number of the *Missile* is exceptionally fine. 'The Gift and Its Meaning' deserves special mention."—*The Student*.

We gratefully acknowledge the following: *Maroon and White*, Bristol, Tenn.; *The William and Mary Magazine*, Williamsburg, Va.; *The Gleam*, St. Paul, Minn.; *The Budget*, Berne, Ind.; *The Tatler*, Kinston, N. C.; *The Big Stack*, Anaconda, Mon.; *The World*, St. Paul, Minn.; *The Red and White*, Reading, Pa.; *The Echo*, Hazelton, Pa.; *The Spectrum*, Chester, Penn.; *The Boomerang*, Holland, Mich.; *The Oriole*, Baltimore, Md.; *The Pattersonian*, Lewisburg, Pa.; *The Record*, Staunton High School; *The Monthly Chronicle*, E. H. S.; *The Virginian*, Maury High School; *The Student*, Portsmouth High School; *The Lowell*, San Francisco, Cal.; *The Scroll*, Washington High School, Milwaukee, Wis.; *The Tech Monthly*, Scranton, Pa.

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